3591

ADMIRABLE SATIRE

ON THE

Death, Dissection, Funeral Procession, & Epitaph,

OF

Mr. PITT.

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Mr. PITT's DEATH, &c.

VARIOUS reports having been circulated concerning the manner and circumstances of Mr PITT's death, we hasten to lay before our readers the particulars of that melancholy event. This we are enabled to do with perfect accuracy, having been [illegible] very minute detail by the learned [illegible] attended him in his last moments.

The disorder [illegible] great Minister died was a violent [illegible] which continued, with very little interruption, from Saturday morning to last night about a quarter before eight, at which time he expired. For two days, the symptoms were the same as in ordinary cases; but it is remarkable, that, from the first, he had a great dread that the disease would be mortal. He was inclined to attribute the whole to a few bottles of claret, which he drank the preceding evening at Mr. DUNDAS's, and which he imagined was a little sour. But Mr. DUNDAS affirms it was of the very finest quality, of which he can produce the best proofs, having still 200 dozen of it in the cellar, besides eleven pipes which Mr. ROSE let him have at prime cost, out of the cargo he bought up the day before the additional duty took place. And of this quantity, Mr. DUNDAS has no objection to bind himself to drink eight bottles every day, as long as it lasts, for the complete satisfaction of the friends of the deceased. This worthy gentleman, with his usual frankness, confesses that claret is apt to disagree with stomachs accus-

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tomed, as Mr. PITT's was, to the stronger wines; but from the quantity of brandy which he drank with it on that fatal day, he thinks its bad effects must have been entirely counteracted.

Mr. POWYS, who has picked up much knowledge, by reading occasionally in GUTHRIE's Geographical Grammar, and ARTHUR YOUNG's Warning, remarks that claret is a *French* wine, and consequently must partake, by innate sympathy, of the horrid qualities of that wicked country. "Now," continues Mr. POWYS, "it is natural to conclude, that wine of such damnable principles, entering into the patriotic stomach of the Minister, must necessarily be rejected and expelled in the violent way we have all witnessed." This ingenious idea he confirms by an accident which befel himself, about two years ago, at Lilford, when, after incautiously drinking a glass of claret in the morning, with a bit of Queen's cake (of which he is very fond) there immediately arose within him such a prodigious *Civil War*, as he terms it, that he was forced to take measures with his apothecary for bringing both ingredients up. Since that period, he avoids all wines but those of Portugal, a country where regular government and order are preserved, both in Church and State.

Unluckily for the nation, the Heaven-born Minister bought his experience at a dearer rate than Mr. POWYS. Alas! it was no petty *intestine* commotion with him, no trifling *Quiberon* disturbance, as one may say; but a furious sweeping deluge, as if the roaring torrent of French Republicanism had visited him in all its wrath. The help of man was in vain. The sons of Æsculapius hung down the head.—GEORGE ROSE, who officiated as usual *about the person* of his patron, was amazed. A Council was summoned; and the Statesmen of Eng-

land were employed, for the first time since the Regency Bill, in speculating on the progress of disease.

The placid Under Secretary, produced the abundant proofs of the disorder, which he had collected and preserved for that purpose. The Counsellors, on inspection, gave a general groan; and the Minister lifted up his haggard eyes, which seemed to ask if no help could be found. "Yes," says the intrepid WINDHAM, "I know how this terrible disorder is to be cured. The body natural is as the body politic. Now the body politic, when afflicted with revolutionary motions, can be cured, as we are all agreed, only by *starvation*. At this moment we are applying that remedy to the *loose* principles of the French and English; and shall we not also find it efficacious when applied to remove the *lax* state of the body natural? If nothing goeth in," continued the Secretary at War, "it is manifest that nothing can come out. Extreme cases require vigorous applications. I say therefore STARVE HIM. Perish the stomach; let the Constitution live!"

Mr. DUNDAS perfectly agreed with the worthy Secretary on the wholesomeness of *starvation*, but, with becoming modesty, hinted a doubt how far it might be possible to preserve a man's constitution after his stomach was destroyed. He would have no objection, he said, to try the experiment on any number of *acquitted felons* that Mr. WINDHAM pleased, or even on a few of his own *spies*, but he considered it dangerous to tamper with so valuable a life as that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Let us rather," said Mr. DUNDAS, "replenish his stomach with abundance of food, and take an obvious method to prevent its escape."

This idea was eagerly applauded by all present; and it is impossible to say what good

effects it might have produced, had it been adopted. But as it involved an operation in surgery, not admitted into regular practice, the medical gentlemen present refused to act; and their plea was allowed to be perfectly good by Sir JOHN MITFORD, who declared, that in no case whatever ought a professional man to advance a single step without a precedent; and least of all in so delicate and momentous an affair as the stopping up of a Prime Minister.

An end was thus put to all further proceedings, and the Council broke up, leaving the poor Minister in the most deplorable state of mind.

It was now towards the middle of the third day of his illness, when he began to entertain very serious thoughts of dying, which agitated him extremely. "Ah, GEORGE!" said he, seizing Mr. ROSE's hand, "I fear I have been a sad dog, and have much to answer for." The Under-Secretary shook his head, but said nothing.

"I wish, GEORGE," continued the Premier, "I could recollect some of the good actions I have done: it would be some relief to me at the present moment to think of them. My *memory*, alas! fails me; but can'st thou not assist me to recal some of my good deeds, my dear friend?"

As he said this he looked up very tenderly in Mr. ROSE's face; who, with corresponding looks of sympathy, slowly passed the back of his hand over his eyes, to wipe away the precious drops of pity that were overflowing them.

"Ah! my dear master," said this faithful squire, "your good works are without number! Do they not extend over all the Continent? Is not the red book a durable and ample memorial of your good works? and your

charity? But why do I go so far for examples? I have only to point to myself. Did you not find me a purser, and have you not made me a Minister of State? You found me dealing out my slops, with an inkhorn at my button—and lo! by your favours have I acquired gold and silver, lands and forests, with power over many cities."

"Oh! do not torture me," exclaimed the Minister, "with the recital of my crimes. Tell me, —— oh! if possible, tell me, —— if I ever raised one worthy man into power, or ever employed one individual in the service of the State from pure motives. I employed *you*, indeed, and others, whom I tremble to think of: and grievously I fear must I answer it. Last night, methought, I saw the angry shade of my father, which frowned on me as it passed, but deigned not to speak. It seemed to reproach me with my degeneracy, with the baseness of my associates, and the perfidious duplicity of my conduct. I am seized with horror when I view the injuries I have done mankind. I am ——"

He was proceeding, in a very solemn tone of voice, when the Under-Secretary clapped his hand on his mouth, and entreated him, for the love of God, to hold his tongue, as there were people in the room. Then turning round to the physician, he whispered him not to mention a word he had heard, as the Minister was evidently out of his senses. This learned person, however, very properly considered that Mr. Pitt's last speech was as necessary to be given to the public as that of *Aversham*, or any other great man who raises himself, by his abilities, over the rest of his species. And our readers, we trust, will rejoice that he judged in that manner.

We omit that part of the learned physician's report which relates to the medicines he prescribed for his illustrious patient. It may be proper, however, to mention, that a large bolus of opium was found to have considerable effect in quieting the violence of his emotions, by inducing a kind of stupor. While this lasted, it is incredible what odd conceits he took up, mistaking the names and qualities of persons and things. He insisted that a vessel which stood under the bed was the river *Scheldt*, and he eagerly desired that Mr. BURKE might be called to drink up the contents, to prevent the French, as he said, from giving them away.

A little scabby *cat* having got into the room, he charged Mr. ROSE to take particular care of it; swearing it was worth fifty thousand men, and fifty millions of money; and that if the CATHOLIC King persisted in his attempts to steal it, he would raise an army, and destroy all the cats and dogs in *Spain!*

"And that hero shall be my General," he exclaimed, pointing to Mr. JENKINSON; who immediately protested he was no General, but a Senator. "I cry you mercy," said the Premier, "I took you for ALEXANDER the Great."

Mr. CANNING, grieved to see his friend making such mistakes, asked him if he knew who he was. "O yes!" replied the Minister, "perfectly well: you are the *tame magpye* that flew out of SHERIDAN's *parlour* into Lord HAWKESBURY's *pantry*." Upon this poor Mr. CANNING fell a crying, and could not be comforted, till the housekeeper brought him a slice of bread and butter sprinkled with sugar!

My Lord HAWKESBURY hearing his name mentioned, stept up; but the moment Mr. PITT saw him, he covered his head with a blanket, roaring out that the *devil himself* was at length

come to fetch him. And so great was his terror, that the virtuous nobleman was obliged to leave the room.

The violent agitation into which the Minister was thrown, brought on a furious fit of his disorder, accompanied with what our friend the physician calls a colliquative sweat, which weakened him so much, that it was thought necessary to dismiss all the visitors, and send for a clergyman. Fortunately, Dr. PRETTYMAN, his old preceptor, entered the room at the very moment he was wanted. This venerable prelate had taken care to instil into the mind of his pupil, in early youth, those upright principles for which he has been remarkable in his maturer age. He had especially instructed him never to utter a *falsehood*—unless his interest evidently required it. And the grateful pupil had deservedly rewarded him with the mitre of Lincoln. The good man saw at once that no time was to be lost, the minister's nose being now exceedingly pointed, and of a dark blue colour at the tip. He therefore sat him down on the bedside, and kindly taking hold of the Minister's hand, asked him how he felt himself; to which he replied, that he feared all was over with him. The Bishop then asked him if he was afraid to die. The Minister made no answer, but only shook his head and wept. The divine was exceedingly moved to observe such symptoms of apprehension, and began to inquire if any thing troubled his conscience. The poor Premier sobbed most piteously, and remained several minutes almost choaked with something that appeared too big for utterance. At length he sighed out with dreadful signs of horror and agony, "*the war, the war!*"

The Bishop hereupon began to administer consolation, reminding the Premier that the war

(as he himself had often proved) was a war for *religion*, and was therefore the most meritorious of all things. "No, no," said the Minister, with a deep groan, "such pretences will not avail me now. Religion cannot be served by war." The astonished divine asked him hastily if he was not a Christian then, or what religion he was of: to which the Premier replied, that "*he did not recollect.*" The surprise of the pious churchman may be easily conceived.—However he thought it useless to enter into any dispute, and therefore proposed to read some prayers. For this purpose he drew out his book; but in turning it over, he found that, instead of the book of common prayer, he had, in his haste, brought away SWIFT's *Essay on Political Lying*; and there being no prayer book in Downing-street, the service was of course given up. It was suggested to the Bishop to pronounce a prayer from memory; and he instantly asked Mr. PITT if he would join in the *Lord's prayer*. But the Premier, mistaking his meaning, warmly answered, that he hoped neither *Lords* nor *Commons* would join in any *prayer* or *remonstrance* without his consent.—The right reverend divine, nevertheless, began the prayer; but by reason of imperfect recollection, from want of practice, he blended it with parts of the *creed*, and scraps of the *thirty-nine articles*, in such a manner, that the dying Premier asked, with emotion, if it was kind thus to torment him, in his last moments, with discourses as *unintelligible* as his own acts of Parliament.

The worthy prelate, however, preserved his temper, and in the spirit of meekness, asked him if he forgave his enemies; to which the Premier replied, that he was sure no man had so many to forgive. He said he thought it almost im-

possible to bring his mind to so extensive an act, never having forgiven an injury in the course of his life. He was positive he *could not* forgive SHERIDAN and others who had attacked him with their wit, and that he *ought not* to forgive those who had advised him to plunge the nation into a war, in which its glory and wealth must be sunk for ever.

He spoke these words with remarkable emphasis. And they were the last he ever uttered, except something which could not be understood about one *Watt*. He then gave a shriek, and died with his nails fixed in the bed cloaths.

HAVING now given a brief account of the death of this great Statesman, together with the conjectures that were formed regarding the cause of it, we have also to add some Extracts from the Report of the Surgeon who opened his body. The entire Report would occupy too much room, and would be tedious to many of our readers.

After making some remarks on the outward appearance of the body, which was entirely covered with spots, the surgeon proceeds to give a minute description of the internal parts, beginning with the cavity of the head.

On sawing through the *cranium*, the first thing that struck an observer, was a remarkable accumulation of the *brain* on the *left* side of the skull, while the cavity on the *right* side was almost empty. The whole organ seemed to have an involuntary tendency to press in that direction; insomuch, that when it was put in its proper situation, it acted with the force of a spring, and recovered its former place immediately upon the hand being taken away. So remarkable a deviation the reporter had never

seen, except in one subject dissected a great many years ago at Surgeon's Hall. It was a fellow who was hanged at Tyburn, and had so constant and uniform a bias towards every thing that was wrong, as nothing but an unlucky formation of the brain could account for.

The *tongue* was cut out at the request of the Lord Chancellor, who wished to preserve it in spirits. It is uncommonly smooth and soft at the point, but full of purulent pimples towards the root. But what distinguishes it from most other tongues is, that it is quite hollow; and, in short, the most deceiving tongue in all respects that ever came under the operator's knife.

Round the *neck* there was a sort of depressed mark, or groove, as if it had been occasioned by a rope. The surgeon had seen the like before; but never knew an instance till now of a person so marked escaping a halter.

On opening the *thorax*, the lungs were found tolerably sound; but the appearance of the *heart* was so remarkable as to deserve a particular description. The *pericardium*, or membrane in which the heart is inclosed, was much distended; but what is most singular is, that the liquid which it contained was frozen into a solid lump. No application of heat could dissolve it; but by pouring a large quantity of wine upon it, and afterwards touching it with gold, it became sufficiently soft to get out the heart itself; which at first view appeared as large as that of a *bullock*; but on the least pressure was reduced to the size of a *turkey cock's*. A Russian surgeon, who was present, said, he always expected it would be found so. The heart was extremely cold to the touch, and hard; yet it exsuded [illegible] of mois-

ture, which blistered and swelled the finger, like the most virulent and rancorous poisons. The inside was perfectly black, and consisted of a sort of powder which emitted an exceedingly fœtid smell. When this powder was narrowly inspected with the aid of a *microscope*, a great many small shining objects were visible, shaped like swords, daggers, and bayonets. They moved with great rapidity, and exhibited a threatening appearance; but they were found to be quite pointless.

The *liver* was perfectly white, except where it was studded with purple eruptions. The *gall-bladder* was of an uncommon size, and overflowing with the superabundance of dark-coloured *bile*.

The whole course of the *intestines* was lined with a red tough coat, exactly resembling that which is formed by port wine after remaining long in the pipe.

The delicacy necessary to be observed in a public print, does not permit us to enter minutely into the remaining part of the Report. Suffice it to say, that the marks of *sexual* distinction in this case were not easily to be discerned.

Yesterday the remains of the late Prime Minister were interred, with suitable solemnity, in the church-yard of St. Giles in the Fields. The order of the procession was as follows:

Sir WATKIN LEWES, on horseback;

Lumber Troop, two and two, *smoking*;

The other City Members, abreast.

BROOK WATSON,

In a splendid carriage,

Drawn by 200 Merchants ruined by the War;

Contractors, two and two.

SPIES,

Divided into Companies,

And headed by the Duke of PORTLAND,

The LORD ADVOCATE of Scotland,

And other officers of that department.

MR. JOHN KETCH,

With the *Cordon*, and other insignia of his profession.

THE BIER.

JEALOUS and others. } Covered with a crimson pall surmounted with emblems of war, a cork-screw, and a large flagon of wine. { MACMANUS and others.

Chief Mourner,

GEORGE ROSE,

(The Earl of CHATHAM not having got up in time.)

Members for the Rotten Boroughs, two and two:

Sinecure Placemen and Pensioners,

(Taking precedence according to the amount of their salaries.)

Wounded soldiers, on crutches, three and three;

COL. MACK,——MR. WINDHAM,

With drawn swords and Kevenhuller hats.

Certain Volunteers made offer of their services, but it was declined on this ground, that in a solemn procession it would not be proper to afford the populace any occasion for laughter. The Members of the Cabinet were engaged in disposing of the *vacant places*, which prevented them from attending round the corpse; but we are happy to state, that their Deputies from Bow-street filled their places very respectably!

It is with grief that we advert to the behaviour of the *mob* on this occasion. Neither respect for the memory of the deceased, nor hunger itself, (which appeared in most of their countenances) could restrain their levity from breaking out into shouts of laughter and indecent merriment.

A monument, we understand, is to be erected, at the public expence, to perpetuate this Great Man's memory. The sculpture is to be in *alto relievo*, and will represent, on one side, the Premier surprising the GODDESS of BRITISH LIBERTY *asleep*, and striking off her head with a sabre. In the back-ground is a prospect of Botany Bay.

Another side exhibits the taking of *Dunkirk* by the British troops, and the glorious landing of the Emigrants at *Quiberon*.

The third represents the City of *Paris* in ruins; the Bastile re-building under the direction of Mr. BURKE; and the immaculate Minister hoisting the white flag.

On the fourth side, the *Genius of War* will be shewn in all his majesty, attended by *Desolation*, *Murder* and *Famine*. *Peace* is seen flying from the British coast, and conducting *Commerce* and *Plenty* to the shores of America.—The Epitaph is as follows:

EPITAPH.

Hic conduntur Reliquiæ
GUL. PITT, ARMIG.
QUI
SUMMUM POTENTIÆ CACUMEN
ATTIGIT,
AC PER MULTOS ANNOS RETINUIT;
NON TAM SOLERTIA
(QUIPPE IISDEM ARTIBUS VICTUS EST,)
QUAM
DEORUM IRA
IN
REM BRITANNICAM.

7 AP 66

TRANSLATION.

Here lie the Remains of
W. PITT, ESQ.
WHO
ATTAINED THE SUMMIT OF POWER
AND
PRESERVED IT MANY YEARS;
NOT BY ABILITIES
(IN WHICH HE WAS EXCELLED BY OTHERS,)
BUT BY
THE WRATH OF GOD
AGAINST
THE ENGLISH NATION.

[Thus far we had written from the dictation of the learned Physician, when lo! we *awoke* and found it was but a *Dream.*]